

The Evening World.

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WHAT'S BEHIND IT?

BEARING on the financial policy of transit corporations operating elevated, subway and surface lines in this city, a valued friend of The Evening World submits figures which deserve a prominent place in any discussion of the proposition to raise fares:

The Interborough Rapid Transit Company, which operates the elevated and subway lines, earned 26 per cent. on its capital stock in 1917 and 25.2 per cent. in 1916. The net earnings for 1918 will probably amount to over 30 per cent. In 1917 the total net earnings were \$9,102,654. Dividends of 20 per cent. (\$7,000,000) were paid on \$35,000,000 of stock and \$2,102,654 carried to surplus. In 1916 \$7,000,000 was paid in dividends and \$1,892,014 carried to surplus.

Fully one-third of Interborough stock, it is furthermore pointed out, is water, and these great earnings were made after paying 7 per cent. in dividends (\$4,200,000) on \$60,000,000 elevated stock, largely water, besides over \$7,000,000 of bond interest, of which \$1,627,000 was interest on elevated bonds.

The full cost of transporting a passenger in the subway in 1916 was 1.75-100 cents, in 1917 1.85-100 cents, while the average cost on both subway and elevated is less than 2 cents per passenger.

In the face of these figures compiled from the Interborough's own annual report, how can Mr. Shonts ask for a two-cent increase in fares on the plea of small profits and high cost of operation?

When it comes to city surface lines, present consequences of past reckless finance are notorious. Thanks to records of riotous over-capitalization, dividends of 18 per cent. are now paid on the stock of lines like the Forty-second Street and Twenty-third Street by the holding company. On the \$1,000,000 capital stock of the Eighth Avenue line is paid a rental of \$215,000—21.5 per cent.!

The full cost of transporting a passenger on some of the surface lines is less than one cent. On the Thirty-fourth Street Railway the cost per passenger is only 9-10 of a cent. This railway company is the most heavily capitalized per mile of any road in the world. The capitalization per mile of road owned exceeds \$6,000,000. Yet this company is at present "earning" net over 30 per cent. per annum on its watered capital stock. Were the company honestly capitalized, present earnings would amount to 100 per cent. per annum. With 2 cents extra fare, net earnings on the Thirty-fourth Street Railway would amount to over 300 per cent. per annum on a legitimate capitalization.

An annual rental of \$400,000 per annum is paid on the New York and Harlem Railroad for its franchise rights on Madison and Fourth Avenues. This is the equivalent of 4 per cent. on the \$10,000,000 of New York and Harlem Railroad stock outstanding, but is actually over 25 per cent. per annum of the full cost of constructing and equipping this trolley line. Such cost is the only basis for honest capitalization.

It appears to be the current theory of street railway corporations in this city that not only are the consequences of past extravagance and wild finance to be borne year after year by the public, but that if an emergency pinch is felt by the companies the public is to relieve that too.

There is no question of making fat years balance lean ones. When operating costs go down it is the corporation that profits. When they go up it is the public that must make good.

Expressing the prevailing opinion of the Public Service Commission, which denied last week the application of the Queensborough Gas and Electric Company for permission to raise its rates during the war, Commissioner Kracke noted:

"A public utility company is not entitled immediately and almost automatically to raise its rates as fast and as far as operating costs go up, any more than the company voluntarily and automatically decreases its rates as fast and as far as costs go down."

That established principle as applied to public utility corporations should not be put into cold storage in war time.

Particularly should it apply to powerful transit corporations which, even as they protest their poverty, are paying 20 per cent. dividends on the watered stock of lines taken over in earlier years on most extravagant terms.

Two cents additional fare for each of the two billion passengers carried yearly on New York's street railways means \$40,000,000 more each year from the public—four per cent. on a billion dollars.

Is there a scheme on foot for further pyramiding of capitalization on some of the city's transit lines in order to provide a broader cover for those 18 and 20 per cent. dividends paid every year to the mysterious owners of millions in ancient and aqueous street railway stock?

Letters From the People

Wants Good Jobs for Disabled Soldiers

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I have been wondering how the boys maimed or wounded in this gigantic war will find employment when discharged from the army and hospitals.

I think that the Government should retain as many as possible and place them in such positions as they are able to fill in the Government service. These men should be able to do light work, such as clerical work, typewriting, etc. This would be better than simply discharging them and letting them shift for themselves.

W. F. G.

Upholds "Slacker" Round-Up

To the Editor of The Evening World:

It is ridiculous to make such an outcry against the round-up of slackers and to term the mode of procedure a "wholesale violation of the rights of free-born citizens."

The United States was compelled to conscript men in this war. Many of the conscripted men had earnestly tried to enlist, only to be rejected because of physical disability. To such men the draft was a great hardship, since they were often placed in a branch of the service for which they were totally unfit. They bore their difficulties bravely and the newspapers made no sentimental outcry over them. We Americans should be more consistent and stop "straining at gnats while we swallow camels." The slacker round-up is right, since it will help the "stay-at-

homes" to know some of the horrors of war.

A READER.

As an Army Man Sees the "Slacker"

To the Editor of The Evening World:

As a true American and citizen permit me to state a few facts regarding this recent outrage thrust upon the "liberty loving" and "free peoples" of this country by a band of "gas house" men camouflaged as Government agents.

At 14th Street men thrust into an empty store at the butt end of a rifle were forced to keep their mouths shut when they tried to protest their innocence. At Prospect Avenue station a soldier slapped a man's face when he protested that his son (who was held against a lamp post) was under twenty-one years of age. There were many other acts of violence and vulgar speech on the part of soldiers and others enacted against women.

Whoever the head of this movement was happened to be a man of poor judgment. If he had gone about it in the proper way he could have avoided unnecessary delay and confusion to many a man and his family.

Common sense tells us that when people were notified a day ahead in the newspapers that there would be a "clean up" of slackers, then I am sure that the real slacker would steer clear of the soldiers and other authorities.

EX-U. S. REGULAR ARMY MAN.

The Master and Pupil

Copyright, 1918, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

By Maurice Ketten



Musings of a Matrimonial Slacker

By William V. Pollard

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IX.—All Is Not Nature That Blooms

I HAD been so busy trying to get Blanche under cover that I had not noticed what happened to her. When we were safely out of the rain I looked at her, but hardly recognized her. Her wavy yellow hair, hanging in straight, straggly ends, was pasted flat to her scalp, showing dark at the roots. Her complexion had assumed a muddy hue. Her luscious lips were pale. Her eyelashes were short and scant and the howling violet shadows had disappeared under her eyes. Her face was a smudge, resembling a water-color portrait on which a hose had been turned, causing all the color to run, and she was the sorriest sight I had ever beheld.

Then it suddenly occurred to me that although Blanche applied her complexion with a master hand she had looked too pasty; and conspicuous. Without the make-up she was almost plain, but she still possessed blue eyes and a snub nose, and I loved her in spite of her lost glory.

"The next day when I called on Blanche all her radiant perfection had been restored.

"I see you're at it again, Blanche," I remarked.

"What do you mean?" she queried.

"I mean the make-up, Blanche. And I want you to promise to stop using it, and whatever you do to your hair, stop that, too."

"And be just plain face! Why, I couldn't do that even for love of you, Billy," she exclaimed. "Anyway, I have a reputation to live up to."

After many arguments Blanche not only refused to desist from using cosmetics but she broke off our engagement.

"You know too much about me, Billy," said she, "and we could never be happy now."

So Blanche married another man.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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"I DON'T care what you say," said Mrs. Jarr—Mr. Jarr, by the way, wasn't saying a word—

"but at least MY friends are appreciative, and MY friends do not forget me!"

Mr. Jarr knew that some pleasant prospect was opening up. Had it been any bother or annoyance from outside acquaintances, Mrs. Jarr would have said "YOUR friends."

"What's doing, Ladybug?" asked the best of husbands, with all due eagerness.

"Your drinking friends ask you to go motor boating on the dirty old boat, ready to blow up any minute, that is, if it would run at all, and then send you word the boat can't run Sunday on account of the 'saving gasoline' rule—but MY friends—"

Mrs. Jarr paused as though the divergence in the character, capabilities and intentions of her friends and

his friends were as wide apart as the poles. Mr. Jarr gulped at Mrs. Jarr's summary of the wholly innocent and now postponed Sunday launch trip he had been invited upon by Johnson, the cashier in his office.

But he did not gainsay her by reminding her that Johnson didn't drink, that nobody else but her own husband was invited to test the launch, and that, besides all this, the "Saving Gasoline on Sunday" rule had prevented the motor boat's tryout.

What would have been the use to contradict the lady and start something? What man ever wins a battle at home?

"Well?" asked Mr. Jarr with due meekness, after musing to this effect.

"The Stryvers have invited us to go on a long automobile ride this evening and to take dinner with them at one of the roadhouses," said Mrs. Jarr, proudly.

"Mrs. Stryver says they have a tank full of gasoline they didn't use Sunday, and it would be wicked to waste it."

"The gasoline will be wasted if it isn't wasted—that will be nice," replied Mr. Jarr.

"Is that all you have to say?" cried Mrs. Jarr. "That will be nice!" If I were to tell you that I was going to expire at daybreak to-morrow and that the funeral would be on the day following, you'd say, 'That would be nice!' You don't see the point of this at all, or you pretend you do not! Mr. and Mrs. Stryver saved this gasoline by not running their car Sunday, and that's the reason Mr. Stryver is a wealthy man. You sneer at him, and yet he has invited YOU as well as me."

Mr. Jarr was about to say "That's nice," but checked himself in time.

"But I noticed when that man Johnson asked you to go out on his palatial yacht, and possibly make you pay for the gasoline, Sunday or no Sunday, he never asked you if you thought I'd care to go!" Mrs. Jarr went on. "Maybe it's just as well, I've read in the paper about the gay doings on millionaires' yachts! Well, this law against rich slackers will stop that!"

Mr. Jarr could not see Mr. Johnson as a yachting young millionaire slacker, even by the widest stretch of his imagination. Johnson was a salary-slave, aged forty-eight. Nor could Mr. Jarr visualize the eighteen-foot, one-cylinder launch Douboony as the scene of gay doings on the moonlit waters. So he made no comeback. "Is better thus."

"Yes, the Stryvers have asked us

"Til bet he groans because he can't figure out how to cheat the Government out of more than two-thirds of his graft," ventured Mr. Jarr.

"Now, please don't talk that way!" said Mrs. Jarr. "You haven't any money to intrust to Mr. Stryver to invest in the first place; and, in the second, they are charming people and are most kind to ask us to share their evening's pleasure!"

Mrs. Jarr then permitted Mr. Jarr to make such changes in his raiment as she thought suitable, and they walked over to the fine private house of the Stryvers in pleasant anticipation of the enjoyment to come in the company of persons both wealthy and refined.

They found Mr. Stryver fuming in the hall in automobile coat and cap.

"What's the matter with you again?" he called up the stairway. "You hobble around like a cow with a wooden leg!" "Howdy do!" (this to the Jarrs). "By George! This is the last time I'll give up a nice evening like this for that woman's convenience."

"Oh, shut up!" cried Mrs. Stryver, leaning over the balustrade. "Ain't you got no manners when we've got company?"

"Oh, please don't make company of us," said Mr. Jarr sweetly.

SEARCHLIGHT PENERATES FOG.

Great fog penetrating power is claimed for a searchlight that has been invented in France with a greenish-yellow glass in front and backed by a reflector that also prevents moisture collecting on the glass.

Making the Most of Our Children

A Series of Plain Talks to Parents

By Ray C. Beery, A. B., M. A., President of the Parents' Association

Should Children Be Taught to Fight?

WHEN practically the whole world is at war, shall we tell our children it is wrong to fight? Thousands of parents to-day have asked themselves this question.

One can't correctly say "Yes" or "No" without making an important qualification. That is, it is wrong to fight under some circumstances and right under others.

One father writes: "What shall I tell my boy about fighting? He is twelve years old and wants to be scrapping with some one continually. How can I cure him of this habit?"

It would be well, first of all, to get a pair of boxing gloves. Talk about it a few days beforehand, of course, so the boy will be anxious for them. As soon as you get the gloves, take it for granted that you are to make them use.

Do not let the boy have them out of the box all the time. On the contrary, set aside a definite time in which you and he will have fun with them. Arrange to have at least three

fifteen or twenty minutes with the gloves is enough for one time. Quit before the boys get tired, so they will like to do it again. In these meetings from time to time, you can virtually train the whole group in self-control. Between bouts, give them your ideas about when it is right to fight and when it is wrong. Tell them it is right to try to defend a weaker person against anyone who intends doing harm. The weaker person may be a woman or an elderly person or a little girl or boy. The boys will agree with you when you tell them they should whip the bully every time.

Just after giving the boys your idea about when it is right to fight, it is the ideal time to tell them when it is wrong. Tell them that it is cowardly to fight for a selfish reason. It is only the coward who holds revenge and wants to whip everybody who makes a "snoot" at him or makes remarks or tries to whip others just to show he is big enough. The really brave man never picks a fuss and he just laughs at those who try to make him lose his self-control.

Many persons make the mistake of talking to the boy just after an offense, which, of course, is the wrong time. The best solution to an offense of fighting is to keep the child's mind and body occupied with interesting activity and to instill the correct ideals in the manner suggested. (Copyright, 1918, The Parents' Association, Inc.)

Say, "Now that's the right way to box. Always keep smiling and show that you are real sports. You know boxing is the best thing in the world to develop self-control in a man. Some boys lose their temper the first time or two they box, but they soon learn that's not the right spirit at all."